THE YORKVILLE ENQUIRER.

Humorous Department.

CASTOR OIL.

She had her mind made up for two or three days that the boy needed some castor oil, but she knew that she must approach him gently. She placed the bottle where he could see it, and when he turned up his nose she said:

"It's just like honey my darling."

He seemed to doubt her word, and she continued:

"If you'll take some I'll let you go to the circus."

"How much?" he cautiously inquired.

"Oh, only a spoonful—just one spoonful," she replied, as she uncorked the bottle.

"And you'll give me some sugar besides?" he asked.

"Of course I will—a big lump."

He waited until she began pouring from the bottle, and then asked:

"And you'll give me ten cents, too?"

"Yes, of course."

"And you'll buy me a shoo-fly kite?" he went on, seeing his advantage.

"I guess so.

"No kite, no ile," he said, as he drew back.

"Well, I'll buy you the kite," she replied, filling the spoon clear up.

"And a velocipede?"

"I'll think of it."

"You can't think no castor oil down me!" he exclaimed, looking around for his hat.

"Here—I will, or I'll tease father to, and I know he will. Come, now, swallow it down."

"And you'll buy me a goat?"

"Yes."

"And two hundred marbles?"

"Yes. Now take it right down."

"And a coach dog?"

"I can't promise that."

"All right; no dog, no ile."

"Well, I'll ask your father."

"And you'll buy me a pony?"

"Oh, I couldn't do that. Now be a good boy and swallow it down."

"Oh, yes, I'll swallow that stuff, I will!" he said, as he clapped on his hat "You may fool some other boy with a circus ticket and a lump of brown sugar, but it'll take a hundred dollar pony to trot that castor ile down my throat!"

And he went out to see if the neighbor's cat had been caught in the dead fall he set for her.

THE ORIGINAL INFLATIONIST.

This doctrine of inflating the currency by issuing an unlimited amount of greenbacks, reminds us of one Moses Hawks, who used to live over in Allegan and run a newspaper and shingle shanty. The newspaper was run during the period of publishing the tax-lists, and Moses shaved shingles the rest of the year. Hawks was a great man in that burgh; and, as currency was scarce in the community because no one had anything to purchase it with, a bright idea struck him. He went into his office one morning and printed a large batch of promises to pay—quarters, halves, and dollars—and occupied himself for several days in affixing the autograph of Moses Hawks to every one of them. Hawks, that is Moses, was now a wealthy man, and possessed of unlimited resources. He bought everything offered for sale, and paid in his new currency, and also loaned it to his neighbors.

The thing worked like a charm until tax time, when something better was required. Everybody had sold their "truck" and taken Hawks's currency in payment. The people flocked to Hawks and demanded redemption. He redeemed by issuing a new batch of scrip and more of it. Prior to that the scrip had passed currently among the people, but the new issue had so inflated the "currency" that the people refused to receive it longer, it having become so plentiful as to be worthless. Merchants and dealers had sold their goods for the stuff, but could not buy more with it. Hawks was bankrupt and could not redeem, and the people were in a bad plight.

One morning a stranger presented himself to Hawks and demanded that he should redeem some that he (the stranger) had received at Sagatuck, where he had been to look after some business matters. Hawks declined the accommodation. The stranger then asked, "This is good, is it not, Mr. Hawks?"

"Good thunder!" replied Hawks, "It ought to be, for every man, woman, and child within fifty miles of this place has from a peck to half bushel of it."

"But, Mr. Hawks, you redeem, don't you?"

"Redeem!" exclaimed Hawks; "it wasn't made to redeem; it was made to circulate."

PARIS GREEN.—A grizzly-looking man dropped into a drug-store, the other day, and found the proprietor very busy compounding prescriptions, but he left his work and came out in the hope of selling something to the care-worn stranger. The latter leaned over the glass case, to the great peril of the tooth-brushes within, and, drawing the chemist's ear close to his mouth, whispered, huskily:

"Got any Paris green?"

"Yes."

"Is it solid stuff that will send a fellow flying across 'the beautiful, the beautiful river,' like a duck across a milll-pond?"

"Yes,"

"Well, then, give me five cents' worth of gumdrops."

The man gave them to him, and continued:

"What in thunder do you mean by wasting my time talking about Paris green when you don't want any?"

"Because I know some families that are starving to death—life is a burden to them, and I want to see if I can't sell some for you on commission."

A MILD SUGGESTION.—A country clergyman who had been accustomed to minister to the spiritual needs of a congregation in the backwoods, was called to occupy the pulpit of an absent metropolitan brother. The day being excessive hot, and his sermon exceedingly long, he made his preparation accordingly. He first removed his cravat and then his collar and cuffs, and then his coat, and was proceeding to get rid of his vest, when there was a stir among the worshippers, and one of them, rising, said in a deep, deliberate voice, "I don't know what may be the brother's intention; but perhaps it might as well be understood, before he goes any further, that this isn't a bath-house." He preached with his vest on.

ARREST.—A colored woman, a few days since, inquired of her husband what was the meaning of arrest. She said, "I hear so much 'bout people being under 'arrest'; what does it mean?" "Why," said the colored definer thus appealed to, "and—and—why, arrest means when any body do any thing mean, dey take 'em up and put 'em in jail, and let 'em rest dare. When dey done got sufishent rested, den dey lets 'em out." "Well, well," said the anxious inquirer, "Jim, I beleabs you nose mos' any thing; I never knowed dat afore."

A WET RAIN.—A clergyman, meeting a little boy of his acquaintance, said, "This is quite a stormy day, my son." "Yes, sir," answered the boy, "this is quite a wet rain." The clergyman, thinking to rebuke such hyperbole, asked if he ever knew of any *other* than a wet rain. "I never knew personally of any other," returned the boy, "but I have read in a certain book of a time when it rained fire and brimstone, and I guess that was not a very wet rain."

☞ "Thunder," exclaimed a man, rushing into a railroad telegraph station the other day, "The express train's gone off the big bridge!" "Many killed, many killed?" screamed the bystanders. "Not a one," replied the other. "She just went on at one end and went off at the other, just as usual!"

☞ An Englishman was boasting to a Yankee that they had a book in the British Museum which was once owned by Cicero. "O, that ain't nothing," retorted the Yankee; "in the museum in Bosting they've got the the lead-pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark.

Agricultural Department.

SAVING SEED CORN.

This is an item that a great majority of farmers pass by unnoticed. In the fall of the year they gather their corn and put it in pens, good and inferior together. When the season comes to plant corn the farmer gets upon the top of the heap and selects out those ears that are the finest-looking, and which are likely to be the soundest for seed, never knowing what kind of a stalk produced them—whether it was a thrifty and well matured stalk, or what position the ear occupied on the stalk, either high up or low down toward the ground. In a few years he finds his corn has hybridized and runs out, and he wants a new kind; for that which has been raised for a succession of years on the same farm or immediate neighborhood is of little value when compared with carefully selected seed. The general complaint is that it yields a small amount to the acre, weighs light to the bushel, and matures late. We should remember that every new stalk raised is more or less a new variety; and to have corn constantly improving great care should be taken to save the very best.

1. In gathering corn, take such ears only as are the finest and from the most prolific stalks.

2. Never take from a stalk having but one ear, if large or thrifty stalks can be found with two or more good-sized ears. Generally but one of them is fit for seed, and that usually the second from the ground. But if the lowest is best, take that.

3. Always take ears that are filled out to the end, and that run beyond the husk, if such can be found.

When you come to plant, before shelling, break every ear and see if the pith of the cob is dried up: for if it is not, the corn is not ripe.

If farmers would pursue this course yearly, their crops would be greatly increased and improved.

THE BARN-YARD.—The barn-yard may be taken as the index of the character of the farmer. As is the barn-yard, so is the farm and the farmer. It is well that all of us should remember that in this case it is no figure of speech to say that "straws show which way the wind blows." The arrangement of the barn-yard is not for show altogether. The profits of the farm depend to a great extent upon it. It is in the yard and the barns that the produce of the farm which is not sold outright is converted into beef, pork, mutton, wool, or milk and butter—articles that may be more profitably sold. It is in the yard also that the manure is made and kept. The barn and barn-yard are the manufactory of the farm; and if they are not arranged with a view to economy, a large waste results that reduces the farmer's profit. The majority of the farmers in this country, from necessity, begin business with small means, and do the best they can with the materials they possess.

The excellence of farm-buildings does not consist so much in the materials of which they are built, as in the use made of those materials. Useful buildings may be made of logs or prairie sods, or poles and coarse hay; and these, by skillful arrangement, may be made to serve as useful a purpose as dressed lumber and paint, or pressed bricks. The main points are warmth, dryness, and ventilation; for food is wasted when an animal shivers in its stable, and when its health is injured by damp, filth, or bad air. A farmer who is thoughtful about such small things as this—although this is more important than it appears—may be taken to be a careful, thrifty man, who by and by will be able to build a barn with all the modern improvements, and to build it properly too. The old proverb, "Take care of the small things, and the large ones will take care of themselves," is applicable to matters about farms and barn-yards especially. When the small things are well watched, large ones are not forgotten.—*American Agriculturalist.*

THE COUNTRY THE PLACE FOR MECHANICS.—The demand for mechanics in country places is always growing. It is a mistake to suppose that carpenters, bricklayers, and masons need to crowd into a city to find employment. In the country, where a mechanic can have a few acres of land, upon which he may spend part of his time not otherwise occupied, he need never be short of work. He can keep a horse, and ride to his work, losing less time in doing so, than if he lived in a city. He can keep a cow, pigs and fowls, and raise, with the help of his children, a large share of his supplies. His family will have better health, and enjoy themselves much more than in the crowded city, having flowers and a garden to amuse them. They may dress less expensively, will wear out fewer clothes, and rent will not have to be provided for every month, or if it has, it will be but a trifle compared with city rents. Farmers everywhere are improving their buildings, putting up better barns and fences, and competent country mechanics could procure profitable jobs, and could do the work at much cheaper rates than in cities. One well finished job brings others, for nothing is so catching as improvement, and our experience has been that many farmers do without new barns or houses, because of the difficulty in procuring competent mechanics at a reasonable price. There are very few good farmers now in the east or the west, that are not able to have good farm-buildings, and at the present time, village mechanics have more steady employment, and can save more money, if they earn less, than those who work in the cities.

JUMPING SHEEP.—A stock-raiser says: If sheep are addicted to the vice of jumping, take a board about two feet long, five or six inches wide, and one inch thick, and fasten it to the sheep's neck so that it will come flat against the knees. When the sheep attempts to jump, the board prevents a foothold on the fence and throws them back. A few trials satisfy them. The worst jumpers can be cured in this way. Last year I had nine which were so bad jumpers that no fence cauld stop them. I fixed them in the way above described and had no further trouble. At the same time the board will prevent much running about, and cause them to fatten better by remaining more quiet.

VALUE OF SOAP-SUDS.—However deplorable washing-day may be to the household (and the careful house-mistress or tidy maid has it in her power to greatly modify its discomforts,) to the garden it is a very bountiful day. Our hungry and thirsty grape-vines and flowers are glad of every drop of wash-water, and will repay every bit of fatigue it may cost us to give them this fertilizer. If the sun is shining hot when we go out to dispense our favor, it is best for us to dig a slight trench not far from the root of the plant, and pour the water into it, and cover again with the top-soil. This makes the water go further, and at the same time does not tempt the rootlets to the surface of the ground.

CHOKED CATTLE.—To remove a potato or other obstructions from the throat of a cow, or other animals: Draw the tongue from the mouth and pour a teacup of melted lard down the throat. In a few minutes after throw a handful of fine salt far into the mouth, which will produce a cough and remove the obstruction.

☞ When it is not convenient to take a lock apart to fit a new key, the key blank should be smoked over a candle, inserted in the keyhole, and pressed firmly against the opposing wards of the lock. The indentations in the smoked portion made by the wards will show where to file.

☞ A poultry raiser says: "I have tried several remedies for gapes, but have found nothing so effectual as assafœtida. Put a few grains into the watering-trough and let the chickens have no other water, and they will not be troubled with gapes. I have found it to be a preventive, as well as a cure.

Children's Department.

NELLIE AND HER FATHER'S PROMISE.

Nellie Parsons, an American girl, went to school in the country. It was about a mile from her home. It was too far for her to walk in the winter. Her father always sent her to school in the morning in a carriage or sleigh, and brought her home at night in the same way.

One afternoon he stopped at the school-house; and calling Nellie out, he said: "I am going along the road several miles, and may not return until after school is out. But wait for me till I come. I will be here before dark."

When school was out, the children wrapped themselves in their cloaks and over-coats and shawls, and set out for home.

"Are you not going?" asked one of the last that left the school-room, as she saw Nellie take her seat by the stove.

"Father told me to wait for him," said Nellie.

"Are you not afraid to stay here alone?"

"What is there to be afraid of? It is pleasant and warm here."

"I should be afraid to stay here alone," said the girl; "it will be dark pretty soon."

"Father said he would be here before dark."

"What will you do if he does not come?"

"Father *will* come for me; for he said he would."

Nellie was left alone. Time seemed to move very slowly, the sun went down, and it began to be gloomy. She went to the door and looked out for her father. He was not in sight, although from the door of the school house you could see nearly a mile along the road. Presently a man came along with a yoke of oxen and a sleigh. He was a neighbor of theirs.

"What are you doing here?" he asked of Nellie, when he saw her standing in the door.

"I am waiting for father," was her answer.

"It will soon be dark," he said; "you had better get on my sleigh and go as far as my house. It would not be pleasant for you to stay here all night."

"Father will be sure to come for me," said Nellie; "he told me to wait for him until he came."

It was nearly dark, not quite, when her father drove up to the door. He had driven fast to get there. He had been kept longer than he had expected, and he had left his business unfinished in order to keep his promise and get back to his child before dark.

"Were you not afraid I would not come, Nellie?" he asked as he wrapped her up in the warm buffalo rug.

"No, father," was the child's answer, "you said you would come, *and I knew I could trust you.*"

"KEEP THE GATE SHUT."

An English farmer was one day at work in his fields, when he saw a party of huntsmen riding about on his farm. He had one field that he was especially anxious they should not ride over, as the crop was in a condition to be badly injured by the tramp of the horses. So he dispatched one of his workmen to this field, telling him to shut the gate, and then keep watch over it, and on no account to suffer it to be opened. The boy went as he was bidden; but was scarcely at his post before the hunters came up, peremptorily ordering the gate to be opened. This the boy declined to do, stating the orders he had received, and his determination not to disobey them. Threats and bribes were offered, alike in vain. One after another came forward as spokesman, but all with the same result; the boy remained immoveable in the determination not to open the gate. After a while, one of noble presence advanced, and said in commanding tones: "My boy, do you know me? I am the Duke of Wellington, one not accustomed to be disobeyed; and I command you to open that gate, that I and my friends may pass through." The boy lifted his cap, and stood uncovered before the man whom all England delighted to honor, then answered firmly: "I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey orders. I must keep this gate shut, nor suffer any one to pass but with my master's express permission."

Greatly pleased, the sturdy old warrior lifted his own hat, and said: "I honor the boy or man who can be neither bribed nor frightened into doing wrong. With an army of such soldiers, I could conquer not only the French but the world." And handing the boy a glittering sovereign, the old Duke put spurs to his horse and galloped away, while the boy ran off to his work, shouting at the top of his voice: "Hurrah, hurrah! I've done what Napoleon couldn't do—I've kept out the Duke of Wellington."

Every boy is a gate-keeper, and his master's command is, "Be thou faithful unto death." Are you tempted to drink, to smoke, or chew tobacco? Keep the gate of your mouth fast closed, and allow no evil company to enter. When evil companions would counsel you to break the Sabbath, to lie, to deal falsely, to disobey your parents, keep the gate of your ears fast shut against such enticements, and when the bold blasphemer would instil doubts of the great truths of revelation, then keep the door of your heart locked and barred against his infamous suggestions, remembering that it is only the fool "hath said in his heart, there is no God."—*Christian Weekly.*

LOOK OUT FOR THE ROCKS.—A gentleman crossing the English Channel, stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and none dreamed of a possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of the sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel, examining closely the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said sharply to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker on, "when only half a point is so much thought of."

"Ah! half a point, in many places, might bring us on the rocks," he said.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness strands us upon the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and we are steering straight for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small. No one climbs to a summit at one bound, but goes up one little step at a time. Children think lightly of what they call small sins. These rocks do not look so fearful to them.

A friend was once, when a lad, sailing down East River, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came near to a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled out "Rocks!"

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the thoughtless boy; "I would go right over them.

The old man replied by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. "Poor foolish lad," it said, "how little you know about rocks!"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way to death. There are plenty of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden; and whenever you meet one, turn aside, for there a danger lies.

PICKING UP THE MINUTES.—A Sabbath-school scholar earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging dandelions and selling them to the dealers in herbs.

"When did you find time, Johnny?" I asked, for, besides being a very punctual and constant scholar at the day-school, he did run errands for Mrs. Davis. "When did you find time?"

"There is almost always time for what we are bent upon," said Johnny. "You see, pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking."

Selected Poetry.

GOING OUT WITH THE TIDE.

Raise me up in my bed, wife;
There's the sound of the sea in my ear;
And it sings to my soul in a music
That earth is not blessed to hear.
Open the little window, wife,
Then come and sit by my side;
We'll wait God's sweet flood-water
To take me out with the tide.

I see the harbor-bar, wife,
And my dear little boat in the bay;
But who shall be able to guide her
When her master hath passed away?
I know that her helm, so trusty,
Will answer no other hand
As it answered mine, when I knew, wife,
You were waiting for me on the strand.

Our boys are all before us, wife;
Wee Jack is beneath the wave,
And blue-eyed Freddie sleeps, wife,
In yonder yew-bowered grave,
Where the early daisies cluster
Around his baby-bed
And the thrush sits chanting softer
In yonder tree that shades the dead.

There's a chill runs through our hearts, wife,
When the harbor-bar doth moan;
But a darker grief will be yours wife,
When you're left in the cot alone;
But a few more flows of the sea, wife,
And a few more ebbs of the tide,
Then God's sweet flood shall bring you
Again to your old man's side!

The red sun is low in the west, wife,
And the tide sinks down with the sun;
We will part with each other in love, wife,
For sweetly our lives have run.
Give me your hand, my own love,
As you gave it in days of yore;
We will clasp them, ne'er to be sundered,
When we meet on the far-off shore!

Miscellaneous Reading.

HOW TO GET A DINNER.

A gentleman who traveled about pretty extensively was greatly perplexed to understand how it was that other persons were waited upon promptly and well served in the hotels, while he was almost entirely ignored, and could scarcely obtain a proper meal, complain to and swear at the waiters as he might. At last his eyes were opened to the dodge of feeing the waiters liberally, and, being of an ingenious turn of mind, he determined to improve on the plan. The next hotel he dined at he took his seat very pompously at the table, and out of a well-filled pocketbook extracted a one-dollar bill, which he laid on the white cloth beside his plate, and placed his goblet upon it. In an instant he was surrounded by waiters, who seemed to vie with each other in their attentions. Every wish was anticipated, and all the delicacies of the kitchen and pantry were placed before him in tempting array. Having fared as sumptuously as a prince (to the envy of many of the other guests), he took up the note, and, beckoning to the nearest waiter, was immediately besieged by a half-dozen or so. Holding the note in one hand, he pointed to it with the other, and inquired of the crowd, "Do you see that note?" "Oh, yes, sir!" they all exclaimed, in chorus. "Then take a good look at it," he replied, "for you will never see it again." Saying which, he departed, leaving the waiters aghast.

THE CURSE OF SCOTLAND.—A few evenings before the battle of Culloden, there were gathered in the apartments of the Pretender at Inverness, a few of his friends, for the purpose of playing at cards. In the course of the evening the nine of diamonds, belonging to the pack with which they were playing, was lost. On the night of the battle, which resulted so disastrously for the rebel army, the Duke of Cumberland entered Inverness, and, as was his invariable custom, took up his quarters in the apartment which had so recently been occupied by Prince Charles Edward. On the following morning a scout brought in word that a small portion of the rebel army had taken shelter in a deep gorge among the mountains. The duke at once directed an officer to take a number of men, surround the party, and put every man to death who was found in arms. The officer, reluctant to execute this inhuman order, and perhaps fearful of after consequences, declined to take the command without a written order. The duke looked round the room for a piece of paper on which to write the order, when some one picked up the lost card, and presented it to the duke, who wrote his order on the back of it, and handed it to the officer. The soldiers departed on their errand of butchery, and so well did they execute the duke's commands, that not one of the devoted band of Highlanders escaped death. Hence it is that the nine of diamonds is called the curse of Scotland.

STICK TO IT.—Learn a trade, or get into a business, and go at it with a determination that defies failure, and you will succeed. Don't leave it because hard blows are to be struck or disagreeable work to be performed. Those who have worked their way up to wealth and usefulness do not belong to the shiftless and unstable class; if you do not work while a young man, as an old man you will be nothing. Work with a will, and conquer your prejudices against labor, and manfully bear the heat and burden of the day. It may be hard the first week, but after that I assure you it will become a pleasure, and you will feel enough better satisfied with yourself to pay for all the trials of a beginning. Let perseverance and industry be your motto, and with a steady application to business you need have no fear for the future. Don't be ashamed of your plain clothes, provided you have earned them. They are far more beautiful in the estimation of all honest men and women than the costly gew-gaws sported by some people at the expense of the confiding tailor. The people who respect you only when well clad, will be the first to run from you in the hour of adversity.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A man who acquires a habit of giving way to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it, he weakens, and his faculties grow dull and his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair. And if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him on solid ground, he stands dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with the man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck! He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ready to make the best of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is an invaluable trait of character, and should be assiduously cultivated.

DON'T CRITICISE.—Whatever you do, never set up for a critic. We don't mean a newspaper one, but in private life, in the domestic circle, in society. It will not do any one any good, and will do you harm—if you mind being called disagreeable. If you don't like any one's chin, don't put your feelings into words. If any one's manner don't please you, remember your own. People are not made to suit one taste; recollect that. Take things as you find them, unless you can alter them. Even a dinner, after it is eaten, can't be made any better. Continual fault-finding, continual criticism of the conduct of this one, the dress of the other, and the opinions of another, will make home the unhappiest place under the sun. If you are never pleased with any one, no one will ever be pleased with you. And if it is known you are hard to suit, few will take pains to suit you.

GRATITUDE.—A man who had saved the life of a daughter of a millionaire received two dollars and fifty cents from the grateful parent. He was so overcome with the magnificent bounty that he paid out every cent of it to seventeen organ-grinders to simultaneously serenade his benefactor.

☞ Cautiously avoid talking of either your own or other people's domestic affairs. Yours are nothing to them, but tedious; theirs are nothing to you. The subject is a tender one; and it is odds but you touch somebody or other's sore place.

Reading for the Sabbath.

CONDUCTED BY
REV. ROBERT LATHAN.

[Original.]

RESTRAINING PROVIDENCE.

That God is omnipotent, no one who believes in the existence of a God will deny. The intelligent observer sees, in everything around him, demonstrations of almighty power. The existence of the world, and the order which pervades the whole, is a proof that some being, who has an arm that is full of power, sits on the throne of the Universe. To create a world and people it with the countless millions of creatures which inhabit our world, is an unmistakable evidence of almighty power; but to govern and control the world so as to prevent one part from destroying another part, is equally as great, if not a greater evidence of almighty power. A moment's variation in the revolution of any of the bodies which revolve around the sun, would be attended with results which no one can tell. The inability to continue in existence and in operation the law of gravitation, would fill space with worlds dashed into fragments.

Great, however, as is the manifestation of almighty power in the creation and preservation of the world, the restraints which God puts upon the evil passions of a man is no less a proof of the same thing.

In France, there is, in one of the burial grounds, a tomb stone on which is an inscription something like this: "Reader, were I alive you would be dead." The historian will have no difficulty in concluding whose grave this stone marks. It is the grave of a bloody monster. This simple epitaph is exceedingly suggestive. Were it not for the tyrant, death, there would be a multitude of tyrants who would render the existence of their fellows doubtful. None but omnicience knows what is in the hearts of some men; and nothing but omnipotence can restrain the evil passions of most men.

There are multitudes of the human family who, had they the power, would depopulate continents. But for the restraining providence of God, human blood would flow like rivers. Countless multitudes would be trampled in the dust. No man could lie down upon his bed and calculate with any certainty that he would arise in the morning. The more powerful would swallow up the weak. The chariot wheels of the strong would crush the widow and the orphan. Such is not the case, because God restrains the wicked passions of men. "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him and the remainder of wrath he restrains."

DO NOT DECEIVE CHILDREN.

Many are unaware of the evil consequences which result from this common practice.

A physician was once called to extract a tooth from a child. The little boy, seeing the formidable instruments, and anticipating the pain, was exceedingly frightened, and refused to open his mouth. After much solicitation the physician said—

"Perhaps there is no need of drawing it. Let me rub it a little with my handkerchief, and it may be all that is necessary; it will not hurt you in the least."

The boy, trusting his word, opened his mouth. The physician, concealing his instrument in his handkerchief, seized hold of the tooth, and wrenched it out.

The parents highly applauded his artifice. But the man cheated the child. He abused his confidence. And he inflicted an injury upon his moral feeling, not soon to be forgotten.

Will that physician get his handkerchief into the mouth of the child again? Will he believe what the physician may hereafter say? And when told that it is wicked to say that which is not true, will not the remembrance of the doctor's falsehood be fresh in his mind? And while conscious that his parents approved of the deception, will he not feel it right for him to deceive, that he may accomplish his desires?

The practice of deceiving children is attended with the most ruinous consequences. It unavoidably teaches the child to despise his parents.

After he has detected them in one falsehood, he will not believe them when they speak the truth.

It destroys his tenderness of conscience. And it teaches the arts of deception.

And what are the advantages? Why, in one particular instance the point is gained.

Let then compulsion be resorted to when necessary; but deception never.

If a child cannot place implicit confidence in his parents, most assuredly no confidence can be reposed in the child.

Is it possible for a mother to practice the arts of deception and falsehood, and at the same time her daughter form a character of frankness and truth? Who can for a moment suppose it!

We must be what we wish our children to be. They will form their character from ours.

A mother was once trying to persuade her little son to take some medicine.

The medicine was very unpalatable, and she, to induce him to take it, declared it did not taste bad. He did not believe her. He knew, by sad experience, that her word was not to be trusted.

A gentleman and friend who was present, took the spoon and said—

"James, this is medicine, and it tastes very badly. I should not like to take it, but if necessary I would. You have courage enough to swallow something which does not taste good, have you not?"

"Yes," said James, looking less sulky, "but that is very bad, indeed."

"I know it," said the gentleman. "I presume you never tasted anything much worse."

The gentleman then tasted of the medicine himself, and said—

"It is very unpleasant. But let us see if you have not resolution enough to take it, bad as it is."

The boy hesitatingly took the spoon.

"It is really bad," said the gentleman; "but the best way is to summon all your resolution and down with it at once, like a man."

James made, in reality, a great effort for a child, and swallowed the dose.

And who will this child most respect—his deceitful mother, or the honest stranger? And who will be hereafter most readily believed?

It ought, however, to be remarked, that had the child been properly governed, he would at once, and without a murmur, have taken what his mother presented. It is certainly, however, a very supposable case that the child might, after all the arguments of the gentleman, still have refused to do his duty.

What course should then be pursued?

Resort to compulsion, but never to deceit.

We cannot deceive our children without seriously injuring them, and destroying our own influence.

Frank and open dealing is the only safe policy in family government, as well as on the wider theatre of life.

The underhand arts and cunning manœuvres of the intriguer are sure, in the end, to promote his own overthrow.

Be sincere and honest, and you are safe. The only way of securing beneficial results is by virtuous and honorable means.

☞ For want of self-restraint, many men are engaged all their lives in fighting difficulties of their own making, and rendering success impossible by their own cross-grained ungentlenesss, while others, who may be much less gifted, make their way and achieve success by simple patience, equanimity and self-control.

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
York County.

To Jonathan Galloway, Hugh A. Galloway, Alexander Galloway, Mary Wylie, Wm. I. Galloway, Wm. Galloway, Hugh B. Galloway, Elizabeth Gurley, Mary Love, James F. Galloway, Alexander Galloway, the children of Wm. Galloway, who are unknown, Elizabeth McGill, Louisa N. McGill, Rachel I. Ferguson, Martha M. Plaxico, Louisa Matthews, John B Galloway, Robert Galloway, Agnes Galloway, J. Milton Galloway, and Sarah Galloway, legal heirs and representatives of Peter W. Galloway, who died intestate:—*Greeting:*

YOU are hereby required to appear at a Court of Probate to be holden at York Court House, for York county, on the 15th day of October, Anno Domini, 1875, to show cause, if any you can, why the real estate of said Peter W. Galloway, deceased, situate in said county, on Moore's Branch, waters of Turkey creek, bounding on lands of Hugh A. Galloway, S. Moore, Alexander Galloway, of Cornelius O'Daniel's estate, of James Goods, and of Samuel C. Youngblood, containing about two hundred and forty acres, more or less, should not be divided or sold, allotting to the said heirs of Peter W. Galloway, according to their respective legal rights.

Given under my hand and seal, this 7th day of September, 1875.
JOSEPH A. McLEAN, Judge of Probate.
September 9 36 6t

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA,
York County.

To James Merritt and others, legal heirs and representatives of Sarah Merritt, who died intestate. *Greeting:*

YOU are hereby required to appear at the Court of Probate, to be holden at York Court House, for York county, on the 8th day of November, Anno Domini, 1875, to show cause, if any you can, why the real estate of Sarah Merritt, deceased, situate in said county, on the East side of Catawba river, bounding on lands of R. S. Warren, T. C. Crook, Archibald Graham, and Robert Collier, known as the homestead of Sarah Merritt, deceased, and containing one hundred and fifty acres, should not be sold for partition amongst the heirs-at-law of the said Sarah Merritt, deceased. Given under my hand and seal, this 29th day of June, 1875.
JOSEPH A. McLEAN, Judge of Probate.
September 9 36 6t

The Yorkville Enquirer.

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☞ To persons who make up clubs of ten or more names, an extra copy of the paper will be furnished one year, free of charge.